

ARTICLE APPEARED
ON PAGE C-1

WASHINGTON STAR (GREEN LINE)
27 NOVEMBER 1978

Sturdy Stan at the

By Joy Billington

Washington Star Staff Writer

When Jimmy Carter went out to CIA headquarters at Langley recently to give intelligence agents a pep talk, he urged them to be "more pure and more clean and more decent and more honest" than practically anyone else. They must be as Caesar's wife, he told them.

Such orders, of course, were delivered in the context of a widespread public impression that the agency had been less pure, less clean, less decent and less honest than many might wish.

CLOSE-UP

And, while many of the excesses of the past seem to have been curbed, the agency is currently under new fire — on the fundamental question of how well it is doing its job. Critics now are saying that Washington was caught off guard by the events in Iran, that something is deeply amiss at the Central Intelligence Agency when one of its personnel is found guilty of selling critical information to the Soviets.

At the center of the storm is Stansfield Turner — a 54-year-old admiral who neither smokes nor drinks, a deeply religious man in a world of cunning and stealth — who has been tasked to point the CIA in a more virtuous and efficient direction.

Turner's command began dramatically enough. It started with the so-called "Halloween Massacre." The admiral ordered 212 employees to hang up their cloaks and put away their daggers — the number ultimately would reach 820. That same night, Oct. 31, 1977, as pink slips were carried home all over town, Turner threw "a Halloween party for spooks," and guests ducked for apples.

This twist of Turner humor — to begin the overhaul of the clandestine service on the night of ghosts and ghouls — must have appealed to the director's sense of irony. For there was much about the tweedy, expensive clothes and the convoluted mind-sets of the clandestine people that went against the grain of his own straight-arrow mind.

This year, the Turners' Halloween party featured "graves" of agency enemies, dangling skeletons, and a game for the 60 guests of guessing how many pumpkin seeds there were in a jar. There were 667. Iran's Crown Prince Reza guessed 650 and his prize was a packet of jelly beans. There are those who would argue today that the Crown Prince's jelly beans are more of a reward than the CIA would earn for its Iran estimates.

"My father left a small mill town in Lancashire called Ramsbottom when he was eight or nine," Turner says. "His older brother and an uncle had emigrated to Chicago and he and his widowed mother joined them." Oliver Turner didn't finish high school. He sta

Turner's family were well off enough to give the good educations. Stansfield Amherst, Annapolis and O

He admits to being "more of a cut-up" at Amherst than at Oxford later, although his pranks were clearly in the Good Clean Fun category: "One thing I did that was fun was getting hold of the master key and locking the whole fraternity in their rooms one night."

At Amherst, Turner broke briefly with his lifelong teetotalism. "I was opposed to drinking when I went to Amherst but pretty soon I gave in and went out with the boys for a beer and I was a regular drinker from then until 1949 when my brother was killed in an automobile accident

where drinking was involved. I decided then that the dangers weren't worth it and gave it up. I surely never missed it."

As CIA chief Turner is now having "a running battle" — albeit gentlemanly — with the current president of Amherst. "He wants to know what relations the CIA had in the past with Amherst, before we foreswore dealing with campuses. We feel that if we made an agreement in the past and said we'd keep this secret that we won't disclose our past sources any more than our present sources."

His old friend William H. Webster, now head of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, laughs when asked if he led Turner astray at Amherst. "Probably! But Stan was a very straight arrow. His nickname was 'Sturdy Stan'. My wild days were after Stan left. Maybe my role model cut me loose and I misbehaved after he left."

They were both members of The Sphinx Honor Society, and wore the black pork pie hats with purple stripes that marked members of what Webster calls "the epitome of what was best at Amherst, the junior leaders. I think Stan was president."

The fact that Sturdy Stan was steadily climbing the rungs of the Navy ladder is something Webster would have expected. What neither could ever anticipate, however, is that one day they would head the CIA and FBI respectively — "Mr. Inside

must make J. Edgar Hoover, who represented the CIA, turn in his grave. They see each other at the security coordinating meetings at the White House. And play tennis together regularly. Webster refuses to say who wins. "It's very close," he says tactfully.

At Annapolis, Turner was a guard on the Navy football team. He graduated 25th academically and first militarily in a class of 820. He remembers his fellow midshipman Jimmy Carter as "a quiet, very friendly Southern young man" but they didn't know each other well. "You don't

when you live in a 4,000-man dorm unless you have clubs in common or live near each other." They came to know each other later when Turner was head of the Naval War College at Newport. He invited the governor of Georgia to lecture, as part of his policy of broadening the education of naval officers studying there.

Turner went to Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar in 1948 for two and a half years. There, he says, "I was just another blooming Yank." There was n't much tearing down to London. "We had three very intensive terms and a lot going on at Oxford. You're supposed to do a lot of your serious studying on your vacation. We

Americans would pack up a bunch of books, head for the French Riviera and chase around. We stayed away from England for vacations because right after the war the food was bad, the climate was bad, so as soon as we got out of school we'd grab the boat train and head for the sun."

He found it intellectually stimulating. "Every evening there were so many things you could do: the Anglo-Israeli Club learning one side of what now is the Camp David issue; the next week the Arab Club where you'd hear terrible things about Lord Balfour and his role in setting up Israel (Then Palestine.) I'm proud of myself, too, because Kenneth Clark was a teacher and I used to go to his lectures. I wasn't taking art. I was reading PPE (Philosophy, Politics, and Economics). But that was the kind of broadening opportunity Ox-

CONTINUED